Wichita Eagle

DR. TALMAGE'S NEW TABERNACLE.

Dedicated with Appropriate Services in Presence of Large Audiences.

The dedication of the Brooklyn tabernacle, the spiritual home of Dr. Talmage's vast congregation, took place one

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.
(From his latest photograph.)

Sunday recently with appropriate ceremonies. This is the third church reared for the great preacher, both its predecessors having been destroyed by fire. It is a magnificent structure in the Romanesque style of architecture, and built of Corsehill stone and red washed brick in red mortar. The roofs of the towers, which are not completed, will be covered with Spanish tiles, and the main one will rise to the height of 160 feet.

The interior is also Romanesque in design and shaped like an amphitheater. The lofty ceiling is domed and divided into panels; the material is patent fireproof wood, with cherry coloring and richly decorated panels. Back of the rostrum rises the huge organ, with its front of richly colored pipes. Above the organ is an elaborate arch, ornamented in stereo-relief work, and on each side of the rostrum are three smaller arches, with a series of cathedral windows. The glass used throughout the building is a combination of frosted crystal and various shades of yellow, flooding the auditorium with a so.., mellow light.

THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

One of the most interesting features of the rich interior is a memorial tablet set in the wall at the right of the organ. The tablet is composed of four stones brought by Dr. Talmage from holy places in Palestine. The top stone is white, with red streaks. It was brought from Mount Calvary, and bears the word "Sacrifice." The center stones come from Sinai, and have the word "Law" inscribed, and the bottom block, which bears the inscription "Gospel," is from Mars hill, overlooking Athens, where St. Paul preached. Commodious rooms are provided in the building for the Sunday school, Bible class, etc.

More than 5,000 people attended each of the dedicatory services, and yet the capacity of the tabernacle was not taxed. By raising a series of rolling blinds a thousand more people can be accommodated in the Sunday school, and the full seating capacity will reach nearly 7,000. Dr. Talmage delivered an appropriate sermon in the evening. The reverend gentleman has recently changed his ap-

THE HOLY LAND TABLET.

pearance by shaving his whiskers, which gives him a more clerical and scholarly aspect than ever. A number of ministers from churches in New York and Brooklyn assisted in the observances of the morning and afternoon.

Small Price for a Trotter.

Apparently some residents of Oakland, Cal., are not good judges of horseflesh. The other day the poundmaster sold for twelve dollars an unclaimed animal at an estray auction. The horse was subsequently identified as a thoroughbred trotter valued at $4,000.

Saved from an Awful Fate.

"Gentlemen," said the Boston judge, "you have done your duty by convicting the prisoner of murder in the first degree, and it remains for me to pass sentence of death upon his head. But, gentlemen," the judge continued, "the enormity of the crime is so great that plain death will not expiate it. I have therefore decided to meet the requirements of the case by a new and effective punishment." A breathless silence hung over the court. "Prisoner," went on the judge, "I hereby sentence you to be confined for life in a silk hat and sack coat." But the dull thud that followed indicated all too plainly that he spoke to a corpse. And a subdued murmur of relief passed over the court room as the spectators realized that the guilty wretch had passed beyond the terrible power of earthly justice.

He Is Dead.

Mrs. Scriblets—I see that the Aristotle manuscript has been published.

Mr. Scriblets—I fear that the payment for it will be too late to do Mr. Aristotle any good.—Puck.

A RUNNING FIGHT.

FORREST'S PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF STREIGHT'S UNION RAIDERS.

Streight Had Two Days' Start, but Forrest Rode Hard and Fast—Barricade and Ambush and Burned Bridges Did Not Thwart the Pursuers.

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BOLD troopers, booted and spurred, rode on many a wild raid in the southwest during the civil war, and many a wild ride in pursuit furnished adventure to the mounted men on the opposing side. The king of the raiders in that region was Forrest, the Confederate. He always accomplished his purpose, and though taking risks that fairly dazzle the imagination, he never met with disaster. And if he could raid successfully he could also cope with raiders on the other side, as was shown in his running fight with a superior force under Col. A. D. Streight, of Rosecrans' army, in the spring of 1863.

Streight's expedition was fitted out to dash across the Tennessee river, in northwestern Alabama, reach the rear of Bragg's Confederate army, then stretched in form of an arch in southern central Tennessee to cover Chattanooga, and there tear up, burn and otherwise destroy railways, machine shops, factories and provision depots, or whatever else could be used to make easy paths for the fighting men in gray. It proved a stupendous contract.

The Confederates had a force of cavalry under Col. P. D. Roddy guarding the Tennessee where Streight was to cross over, and a heavy force of Union infantry and cavalry was sent to the region to clear the road for Streight. Roddy had about 1,500 men. Streight' force numbered 1,700, and his supports, under Gen. G. A. Dodge, about 8,000. In the emergency Bragg sent Forrest with his brigade to unite with Roddy and take care of the plucky raiders.

Streight marched from Tuscumbia, Ala., on the 26th of April, in a southeasterly course toward Moulton. Gen. Dodge had driven the Confederates beyond that point, but he told Streight that Forrest was across his path, and then left him to take care of himself as best he could. The raiders pressed on from Moulton toward Blountsville, on Black Warrior river, and not until the 30th, while passing through a gap in Sand Mountain, did they feel the presence of any strong opposition.

Dodge's movement in strong force had held Forrest's attention along the Tennessee river until Streight was nearly a hundred miles away, galloping on toward Rome, Ga. Forrest at once prepared for the pursuit. He selected the lightest pieces of cannon, with the strongest harness and the best teams, and started on the morning of the 29th in the direction of Moulton. He was about two days behind Streight, but the friendliness of the people aided him, and by swift riding night and day he caught up with the raiders on the 30th at Sand Mountain, and at once pitched into their rear guard at the foot of the Mountain Gap. The Confederates had a preponderance of force at this point, but the situation compelled their leader to divide into two columns, one for direct pursuit and the other to look out for the flanks and prevent Streight from turning and doubling. Forrest remained with the pursuing party, which consisted of two regiments and a battalion and one battery.

Streight posted his men on a ridge circling to the rear and awaited the attack. Forrest moved up direct in front with two regiments, and personally led a flanking party to gain the rear of the raiders should they be driven back. The Confederate artillery advanced boldly, and Streight's forward companies retired before it. The Confederate infantry charged, but were met with a biting fire from concealed raiders and quickly fell back. Streight had two mountain howitzers, also concealed, and, sending confusion into Forrest's ranks with these, he ordered a charge, which effectually scattered the whole Confederate line. Two cannon, with caissons, and forty prisoners fell into Streight's hands.

The pluck of the raiders compelled Forrest to call in his flanking parties. Streight, however, did not wait to fight a battle, but took advantage of the hour to continue his ride southward. Forrest again sent out a flanking column to watch for the return of the raiders, and with two regiments dashed on in pursuit. Col. Roddy, with one regiment and one battalion, was sent back to the Tennessee again. A running fight followed, and Streight finally stood at bay behind a creek near Blountsville. It was plain to the raiders that their trip to Georgia was not to be a holiday affair. Their pursuers showed a persistence and dash equal to their own, and charged the position again and again. The fight lasted from dusk until 10 o'clock p. m., and at

A PERILOUS RIDE.

times the combatants were not over a hundred feet apart, and depended upon the flashing of weapons for light to fire by. At last the Confederates made a desperate charge, which Streight repulsed by using up all the ammunition belonging to his captured cannon. He spiked these guns and resumed his march forward toward Blountsville. Forrest's advance pursued boldly, but was twice led into ambush. At 10 o'clock on the 1st of May Streight was in Blountsville, having accomplished half his march and fought two severe battles.

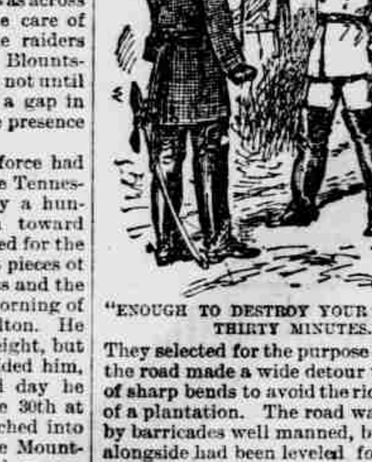
In order to lighten his belongings he packed his ammunition upon mules and burned the wagons, and after gathering food supplies started for Gadsden on the Coosa. Forrest was about an hour behind, and between Blountsville and the east branch of the Black Warrior river, the raiders ambushed their pursuers again and again. The latter were not to be rebuffed, however, and at the crossing of the river Streight found that he was so hard pushed that it required all his command at hand to cover the ford.

After crossing the Black Warrior Forrest weeded out his poorest animals, and sent them with their riders back to Roddy at Decatur. He also sent back all his cannon but two, and with about 600 men in saddle spurred onward to gather in the raiders. Before setting out on this last attempt some of the Confederates were seen nodding in their seats as they rode. Their leader made them a little speech in the presence of a number of women who had assembled to greet the column, and ended by asking all who were willing to follow to the end or die in trying, to respond. They did so to a man with a ringing yell, and at a signal the cavalcade flew onward at a gallop.

The raiders were making good speed, and the pursuers found no nobler game than the slender rear guard all the way to Gadsden and even beyond. At the crossing of Black creek, a small tributary of the Coosa, Streight's rear guard burned the bridge and planted themselves on the opposite bank to harass Forrest's men while crossing. It was broad daylight, the 2d of May, and the Confederate leader, anxious to be at it, but very cautious about exposing his men, was at a loss how to meet the difficulty. Finally one of a group of admiring women such as always hung about Forrest's ranks when halted—the men kept out of view for fear of being told to fall in and fight—offered to guide him to an old ford where there was a chance of crossing. She was a comely young girl, and her mother tried to dissuade her, but it ended in her climbing to a seat behind the general. When the horse began to descend the steep, rough bank of the ravine the fair guide put her arms around Forrest's waist and bravely held on, and in every way played the role of a heroine. When some of the bullets of Streight's sharpshooters whistled around the daring couple, and even tugged at their clothing, the plucky miss laughingly said, "They've only wounded my crinoline," and after a dozen like episodes the ford was pointed out. A few Confederate shells quickly sent the Union guard a-flying, and Forrest with much labor put his command across the deep and rapid stream in a couple of hours.

At Gadsden, three miles distant, Forrest found the debris of a quantity of arms and other military stores that the raiders had destroyed, but the bold riders themselves had impressed the fleetest horses they could reach, and made off in hot scamper toward Rome. Again Forrest divided his force, and taking 300 picked men and animals gave chase so rapidly that he caught up with Streight about 5 o'clock that day, after a fifteen mile race that startled the sleepy farming region as with a whirlwind.

The raiders had formed in line of battle, and their skirmishers answered the Confederate challenges most gallantly, showing a bold front only to lead their hot blooded pursuers into a well laid ambush.



"ENOUGH TO DESTROY YOUR COMMAND IN THIRTY MINUTES."

They selected for the purpose a point where the road made a wide detour with a couple of sharp bends to avoid the rich, level fields of a plantation. The road was obstructed by barricades well manned, but the fences alongside had been leveled for the convenience of Forrest's men in flanking the barricades. Beyond the field Streight posted 500 men in a thicket to shoot down the Confederates, who it was supposed would move with due caution and perhaps some confusion.

But Forrest closed up his ranks and charged with such celerity that he rode through the skirmishers and fell upon the men in ambush before they could arouse themselves to do execution. The raiders lost 50 men, and one of their best colonels was killed. Streight held on until dark, and then drew off toward Rome, where he had sent a force to hold the bridge until the main body should arrive. Forrest bivouacked his men and awaited the coming of the party left behind at Gadsden. On the morning of the 3d the Confederates mustered 500 effective men, and at an early hour got under way to follow up the pursuit. The route lay along the west bank of the Coosa, and at the first crossing, which was Gaylesville, the bridge was found in ashes. The raiders had passed over in the night, and had done their best to cut the company of Forrest's zealous troopers. But rolling rivers had no terrors for these men. They stripped to the skin and carried over the cannon and ammunition, swam the horses across, and in an hour were in line on the east side ready for the march.

Streight had found himself obliged to halt his men for sleep and refreshment, and about 9 o'clock Forrest struck his bivouac. The raiders were so thoroughly worn out by their hard ride that when formed in line of battle they lay down and slept in the midst of a heavy skirmish fire. Forrest closed in on both flanks and center, and then demanded surrender "in order to stop the further effusion of blood." Streight asked that proof be given that the force opposed to him was numerically equal to his own, to which Forrest replied that he would not humiliate his men by such a course, for they had been equal to beating and driving the raiders in every engagement of the preceding three days.

At the moment Streight saw a section of Forrest's artillery galloping up inside the line established by the truce, and protested against its further advance, casually inquiring of his opponent how much artillery he had. "Enough to destroy your command in thirty minutes," answered Forrest. After some further parley Streight consulted with his officers and decided to yield. He learned from the detachment that rode ahead to seize the bridge at Rome that the scheme was a failure. This left him completely powerless, as he had known for some time that he would be, unless he could beat Forrest in the race to Rome, cross the river there and leave his pursuers in the lurch by destroying the bridge. He surrendered 1,466 officers and men and had lost about 150 killed and wounded in his running fight.

Forrest received the thanks of the congress at Richmond for the "daring, skill and perseverance" exhibited in this mad but successful pursuit.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

City People Have Poor Eyes.

That "we are all poor critters," as the Widow Bedott quoted her late husband's saying, is but too well proved by noting the percentage of thin, scrawny, pale and otherwise defective people in any crowd; but of late the doctors have presented appalling proofs that city bred people are unusually "poor critters." Their greatest defect is in the eyes. One-third of all the city children are more or less near sighted. The tall buildings limit their range of vision, the invisible dust, even more than the visible, injures the eye, and the wearied organ is not restored by gazing over the green fields and far away. The narrow walls of home or playground or school room shut the children in during their growing years, and the eye, habituated to so short a range, loses half its capacity. The truth of this is proved, and more's the pity.

The greatest density of population is in the area which has from forty to fifty inches of yearly rainfall. On either side, as the rainfall increases or decreases—the maximum of the country being above seventy inches and the minimum below ten inches—the population diminishes.

CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

DETAILS OF PRENTICE MULFORD'S POLITICAL CANVASS.

Ethics of Electioneering—A Linen Duster and a Bottle in Each Pocket—Analysis of Some Politics—The Eagle in the Azure; Likewise the Buzzard.

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XIV.

PREVIOUS to this election, which did not elect me, Williams and I canvassed the county together. He aspired to the office of sheriff. We mounted our horses, and with long linen dusters on our backs and bottles of whisky in our pockets rode first to Spring Gulch, consisting of two groceries, six saloons, an empty hotel, twenty miners' cabins, a seedy school house, a seedier church, the hillsides around denuded of earth, torn and scarred by years of hydraulic washing, and showing great patches of bare yellow ledge covered with heaps of bowlders. The few men met were in coarse, ragged, gray shirts and mud stained duck pants, and had a worn, worked out look.

The few loungers about the Washington saloon see William Saunders and myself riding down the hill. Our dusters and clean linen proclaim us as "candidates." Candidates means drinks. We dismount; soon the coveted and cheering bottle is placed on the bar; a line of tumblers in skirmishing order form behind it; every one within sight and hearing is called up; a pause of glad anticipation ensues while the glasses are being filled; the precision of barroom etiquette is strictly observed—that not a drop be swallowed until all are ready; then the dozen tumblers are simultaneously raised; the standing toast, "Here's luck," and the reviving alcohol fulfills its mission. This is electioneering.

Sam White is the Bismarck of our interests in Spring Gulch. He is the standing delegate to the county convention from this precinct. He goes by virtue of a paying claim, a capacity for venturing among the rocks and shoals of saloons, gaming tables and innumerable calls to drink, without losing his head. He can drink deeply, quietly and fearfully; he can drink himself into noise and turbulence and still keep a set of sober faculties in reserve underneath. We hold a short cabinet meeting with Sam behind the barn. He sees clearly the political complexion of Spring Gulch. Bob O'Leary is doubtful, but may be bought; Jack Shear and Tom Mead must be braced up to allegiance by whisky; Miles and O'Gorman are mad because a favorite of theirs could not get the nomination for supervisor last year, and won't vote anyhow; Bob Jones is favorable to us, but wants to leave before the primary meeting comes off; the rest are sure for us or sure against us.

We visit the Franklin House, just opposite. The political candidate's money must not all be spent in one house. This is one of the fundamental principles in electioneering. Every saloon controls a few votes, or rather a few whisky sodden organizations, who are voted like machines. The solemn ordeal of an American treat is again witnessed. Jim Brown becomes affectionately and patriotically drunk, and as we ride away loudly proclaims himself a "white man and in favor of a white man's government."

We feel that Spring Gulch is secure. We carry it in our pocket. We ride a couple of miles over the ridge to Six-Bit Gulch. Red crags tower upward for hundreds of feet; a rivulet flows along, and on a little flat under a spreading live oak is an old log cabin.

Sam Lugar, gray and worn, resident in this gulch for the last sixteen years, sits outside the door smoking his pipe.

A hundred yards above is the residence of the "judge," another hard working, whisky drinking hermit. A glance within shows the judge eating his evening meal. A child is playing about on the mud floor, whose creamy complexion and bright beadlike eyes indicate its Indian origin. Hanging above the fireplace are a gun, an Indian bow, a quiver full of glass tipped arrows; on the shelf bits of gold studded quartz, a bunch of crystals, petrifactions and curiously shaped stones found by the "judge" from time to time in his diggings. There are boxes full of old magazines and newspapers; on the rude window sill a coverless, well worn copy of Shakespeare. The judge is tall, straight and sallow in complexion. He has lived on this spot since 1849. Six Bit gulch was very rich. He has torn up virgin gold in the grass roots. He lives now on recollections of the flush times. Present failures and long past successes form the staple of his conversation. His mining is merely secondary to another occupation—the great aspiration of his life—to beat a poker game over in Spring Gulch. He has been unsuccessfully trying this for the last seven years.

A bundle of aboriginal duskiness enveloped in a bright calico gown hanging about her adipose proportions stirs as we enter. That is the judge's wife—a squaw. Her family down to the third generation are camped in the brush hard by. They visit the judge at stated intervals, and at such times the family expenses are trebled. The gray shirt and duck pants tied at the waist with a string constitute the judge's only dress suit. On the floor near him is a shapeless, wet mass of India rubber boots, shirt and pants, drenched and splashed with yellow mud. The man was once a spruce clerk in a New England store. At seventeen the set and whiteness of his collars, the fit of his boots, the arrangement of hair and necktie were subjects of long and painful consideration before the mirror. He had his chosen one among the village girls; he saw her regularly home from the Sunday evening prayer meetings. The great gold fever of 1848 seized him. He saw a vision—a few months picking up nuggets in California; a triumphant return home; a wedding; a stylish mansion; a fast horse; a front pew; termination, a marble monument in the Terryville cemetery, "Beloved and respected by all who knew him, he sleeps in hope of a still brighter immortality."

We stop at the "judge's" for the night. Wife and child are sent off to the Indian camp in the chaparral. Sam Lugar drops in after supper. The judge is an incessant talker. The bottles and glasses are placed on the table. The judge becomes fatherly as to counsel and admonition against excess in drink. Also against gambling. He has peculiar theological views. Moses, he says, was a keen old miner. He and Aaron put up a plan to gain all the gold in the Israelites' possession. While Moses was on Mount Sinai receiving the stone tables Aaron was counseling the making and worship of the golden calf. By such means did he concentrate in a lump all the Jews' jewelry. What then? Moses comes down, sees the calf, gets angry, breaks it into pieces, burns it up. But what becomes of the gold? Didn't Moses and Aaron sneak around that night and "pan it out" of the ashes?

The judge is his own theologian.

We visit Price, of Hawkins' Bar. Price is now the sole constituency of Hawkins'. He ran this bar in its golden infancy; he saw it in its youth; he is steadfast to it in its decay. Thirty-four years ago 800 men lived here; the Tuolumne banks were lined with them, shaking their cradles.

Old Hawkins first discovered gold here. Price tells of the pickel jars full he had buried under the floor of his cabin. The secret could not be kept. They came trooping down the steep Red mountain trail, blankets and tools on their backs, footsore, weary, thirsty, hungry—but hungrier still for gold. They put up tents and brush houses, or crept, slept and cooked under the projecting rocks; they stood all day in ice cold water; they overworked bodies hitherto unused to manual labor; they blistered delicate hands; they lived on bacon and heavy bread of their own making; they drank raw whisky by the quart; they died, and were buried almost where they died, in nameless graves.

Up yonder, but a few yards in the rear of Price's cabin, is the old camp graveyard. The fence is rotting away, and stands at various angles. The inscriptions on the headboards are half effaced by time and the elements. Some are split and have fallen down. Read "Jacob Peiser, æt. 27." He died close by in the gulch hard by, with a pistol bullet through him. A dispute over a claim. "Samuel Purdy, 31." Drowned trying to cross the river during a freshet. "John Wilkins, æt. 35." Killed by a cave in the bank claim about a hundred yards away. "Samuel Johnson, æt. 25." He dove with a sandbag to stop a great leak in the Ford Chann's headwall, and he stopped the leak in part with his own body, for the stream sucked him in the crevice, and he never came up alive. "John Weddell, 35." Blown up by the premature explosion of a blast in the Split Rock quartz claim. "Abram Hewison, 45." Delirium tremens, stark mad at midnight, jumped into the river from the point yonder.

Price has seen all this. That was the climax of his life. Price's heaven is not in the future. It is in the past. It is embraced in a period about twenty-five years ago, when he made "an ounce per day." Those, he remarks, were times worth living for. Eight hundred souls then at Hawkins'; five gambling houses in full blast every night; music, dancing and fandangos at either end of the bar.

The river roars unvexed toward the sea. It has burst through its dams and choked the races with sand. The scars and furrows on the hillsides are quite hidden by the thickly growing vegetation. Young oaks and pines are coming up in the place of the old. Trail and road are overgrown with brush.

"Civilization" here put in a transient appearance. It scarred the hillsides with pits and furrows dug for gold. It cut down the wide spreading, symmetrical oaks. It forced the Tuolumne through race and flume from its channels. It built gaudy temples dedicated to the worship of Bacchus, resplendent with mirrors, pictures and cut glassware, located on the very site where a few months previous stood the Indian's smoking wigwam. It brought toiling men, hard fisted, awkward, ungainly, clumsy, with all grace and suppleness worked out of them and strong only to lift and dig. It brought all manner of men, educated and ignorant, cultivated and coarse, yet for whom Christian training, Christian church, Christian bible, Christian spire in city, town and village pointing heavenward had failed to convince that gold was not the chief aim and end of all human effort.

By day there was labor drudging, labor spasmodic, a few prizes, many blanks, some hope, much more discouragement. By night, revelry, carousal, gambling, oaths, recklessness, pistol shots, knife thrusts, bloodshed, death. Bird and beast fled affrighted to lonelier and more secure retreats before the advent of the raging, cruel animal, man.

But now civilization has flown and nature seems easier and somewhat improved by its absence. Price is ours. He will walk nine miles on election day to Chinese Camp, the nearest precinct, to deposit a ballot for us. An order on the proprietor of the Phœnix saloon for a generous supply of whisky stimulates his devotion to his country. What a glorious land of liberty is this!

PRENTICE MULFORD.

The Biter Badly Bitten.

A German cobbler, who was reputed to be one of the laziest and most worthless men in Leadville, dug a hole in his yard and salted it with ore, and, showing the pit to the representatives of a company, he was able to sell out for $2,500. During the carouse which followed he boasted publicly of the way in which he had fooled the capitalists, but before the purchasers of his property heard of these remarks they had sunk the shaft four feet deeper and had struck one of the richest veins of carbonate in Leadville. The cobbler, on learning what had happened, danced about the edge of the pit and swore that he had been swindled. The mine yielded about $1,000,000.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Her Hat Was Too Big.

When Liszt was in good humor he was in the habit of kissing all the pretty pupils in his class. I remember on one occasion a very lovely young girl came to the lesson wearing a hat that had a rather extraordinary wide brim. Liszt noticed the hat at once, and going up to her kissed her gayly, but with some little difficulty, owing to the projecting brim of the hat. Then he said, half seriously, "My dear, you will have to get another hat, one with rather less brim to it."—[illegible]

Rules About Dieting.

It is scarcely necessary to go deeply into the subject of diet. The first essential is to restrict the quantity of food to the actual needs of the system. A ravenous appetite can generally be conquered in three or four days. During this interval a person "turning over a new leaf" feels quite weak and dispirited, but he braces up with surprising rapidity, and soon wonders that he ever made a glutton of himself. He who diets should make up his mind before he sits down just how much he will eat, and on the instant that he has finished his rations he should leave the dining room. "He who hesitates is lost."

If the corpulent subject took no more food than he ought, he might eat almost anything. At the same time he would do better to deny himself sweets and starchy foods, cakes, pies, pastry and the like. The quantity of bread should be restricted; one or two slices of dry toast is quite sufficient for a meal. Potatoes are very fattening, and, therefore, had best be excluded from the diet. If milk is used the quantity should be small. As for meats, those which are lean should be preferred. Soups, for obvious reasons, are objectionable.